

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she wegi'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaine aliue and dead!
These that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their Aunccestors.
Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why sufferst thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Luc. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Admannus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That to the shadowes be not vnappeard,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.

Luc. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my Sonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoke,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilitie true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you *Gothes* beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatening lookes,
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of *Gothes*,
(When *Gothes* were *Gothes*, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rites, *Alarbus* limbes are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to their foules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loc at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleffe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome,
That hast thus lovingly referu'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marc. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thanks Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Marc. And welcome! Nephews from successfull wars,
You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faile Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.
But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse.

What

What should I do on this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
Tomorrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successfull,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Marc. *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meane to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Bas. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribune heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crown him, and say: Long liue our Emperour.

Marc. An. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeians we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And say, Long liue our Emperour *Saturnine*.

A long Flourish till they come downe.
Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Fauours done,

To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
And for an Onset *Titus* to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lavinia will I make my Emprise,
Rome's Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
And in the Sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Sat. Thanks Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these vnspokeable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vse you Nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choole a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of *Gothes*?
Lavinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lau. Not I my Lord, fith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Sat. Thanks sweete *Lavinia*, Romans let vs goe:
Ransomelesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Bas. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bas. I Noble *Titus*, and refold'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right:

Marc. *Suum cuiquam*, is our Romaine Iustice,
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guard?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bas. By him that iustly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ie keepe this doore safe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ie soone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, barst me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*

Luc. My Lord you are vnjust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.

Traytor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.

*Enter also the Emperour with Tamora and her two
sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.*

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
He trust by Leifure him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hand?

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisheth for her with his Sword:
A Valliant sonne in-law thou shalt enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To